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# The COLUMBIAN Balance, AND REPOSITORY.

"HAIL SACRED POLITY, BY FREEDOM REAR'D!
"HAIL SACRED FREEDOM, WHEN BY LAW RESTRAIN'D!"
BEATTIE.

*HUDSON*, (New-York) TUESDAY, JUNE 30, 1807.

## Original.

Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,
Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind.

*FOR THE BALANCE.*

### TRAITS OF LIFE.

### *THE DISAPPOINTMENT.*

"HERE, Mister Yorick," said my aunt Prudy, popping her head into the door of my room—"here, sir, you are enquired for." It was early on Tuesday morning. I had not been out of bed half an hour. I was sitting in my arm chair, in a contemplative posture, and was deeply engaged in pursuing a thought—"Who wants me" asked I. "A lady," she replied, in a sort of half whisper, and shut the door.——A lady, before six o'clock in the morning! A lady! thought I; what can this mean? I felt mortified and confounded; for a single man does not like to appear before ladies in the character of a sloven, and such was my plight at this moment, that I could have appeared in no other. It would not do to keep a lady waiting until I could dispose of my long beard, comb my hair, brush my shoes and change my linen. What was to be done?—there was no time to be lost—So, I adjusted my cravat as well as I could—wrapped myself in my morning gown—stuck my toes into my slippers—put on a rueful face—essayed several times to affect a cough, and prepared for an excuse that I had caught a violent cold, and was absolutely *down sick*.——The formal manner in which my aunt Prudy had called me ——*Mister* Yorick—instead of her usual familiar style, somewhat alarmed me—for it convinced me that my visitor must be a person of standing.————What was my surprise, when, on opening the door——my aunt Prudy was the only object that presented itself to my view! "What does this mean?" said I, somewhat angrily—"what lady enquires for me?" "Here is her name," replied my aunt, pointing to the first column of the Balance.——"*Constantia, the widow*, she calls herself, and if you can bear such a daub of gross flattery as she has bestowed upon you, your appetite is better than mine."

Most of the inhabitants of this globe are fond of flattery, and I am not singular; but I do not like to be told that I am flattered. It implies not only that I do not deserve the applause given, but also that I have too little judgment to discern it. I therefore left my aunt Prudy abruptly, and again retired to my room.

Constantia, the Widow! she shall hear from me, said I, after reading her letter.

YOUNG YORICK.

*FOR THE BALANCE.*

### THOUGHTS.

ONLY those who have talents and merit of their own, can properly appreciate them in others.

—

Pride is not confined to the higher ranks or conditions in life. We may see pride living in a cottage, pride clothed in rags, and pride begging by the way.

—

There is no greater object of pity than a prosperous wicked man.

—

Though time is so precious, and the loss of it irreparable, yet mankind value and improve it little, and frequently waste it, in idleness, in dissipation, or in trifles.

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We should live so, that when we come to die, we may have nothing to do but to die.

—

The ability to govern seems to be a peculiar gift of nature which few enjoy.

—

Slothfulness is a principal depravity of human nature, and the source of great and numerous evils.

In the conversation which is reported to have been held by Bonaparte, in one of the apartments of the large pyramid in Egypt, with certain Muftis, the answer of *Ibrahim* to a speech of Bonaparte which concluded with the words, "My mission is first to exterminate the Mamelucs," is sublime: "May the angels of victory sweep the dust from thy path, and cover thee with their wings." As is also that of *Muhamed*: "Noble successor of Scander [Alexander] honor to thy invincible arms, and to the unexpected thunder which springs from the middle of thy warriors on horse." [The flying artillery.]

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One profession is enough for a man. He who engages in more, cannot attend to the respective duties, and is not likely to excel in any.

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In a good style, the great characteristics are, plainness, conciseness, and perspicuity.

—

Some who can never be scholars, are yet very good mechanics. A young man who had turned over most of the classics, without being able to construe a single sentence, was famous for cutting hair and hooping a barrel. Another who was extremely dull in acquiring learning, could work in wood, iron and brass. He was, by intuition a gun-smith, a joiner, and a clock-maker.

—

All those games which require thought and a still posture of body, are highly improper for studious and sedentary persons.

—

It is a false and mischievous notion, that to bear an affront is cowardice.

—

Pride is the worst of all passions. There is nothing more unbecoming man, more displeasing to God, and more tending to provoke the resentment of our fellow-creatures.

—

A man's worst enemies are often those on whom he has conferred great obligations.

MENTOR.

## Literary Notice.

*NATIVE POETRY.*

A duodecimo volume of poems, written by the late Mr. William Lake, who died when in the nineteenth year of his age, is just issued from the Balance-Press.—A sketch of the author's life is prefixed to the work.—As the reviewers will be furnished with copies of the book for inspection, it becomes not us to speak more particularly of it at present. We entrust it, with full confidence, to the judgement of the critics.

## Editor's Closet.

*Lord, have mercy on us!*

The Walpole democratic paper very gravely recommends "Mr. Langdon, the present worthy Governor of New-Hampshire," for the next vice-president; and the reason he gives for it, is, "that should the office of chief magistrate become vacant, the duties of that department would devolve upon the vice-president."—Much as we dislike Mr. Jefferson, we pray, fervently pray, if such are to be his successors, that he will still consent to be our president.

*Words and Works.*

The democrats say that the federalists approve the sentiments of Gov. Sullivan's speech. They do so; and they approved also the sentiments of Jefferson's inaugural speech. But how easy it is to talk, and how hard to perform! If Sullivan's practice coincides with his profession, the federalists will applaud the one as much as the other.

Cheetham has been nonsuited in his action against Gov. Lewis, for a libel, not having been able to bring "the publication home to the defendant (says the E. Post) either as author or publisher, directly or indirectly."

*Gen. Wilkinson*

Arrived at Richmond, on the 13th inst. It is supposed that he has two important objects in view—one, to convict Burr of treason—the other, to clear himself from suspicion.

*Extract from a Letter of a learned Traveller.*

"Several writers having given a catalogue of the birds, beasts, and plants found in the United States, with other things worthy of attention, I need not be particular, but refer you to them. I shall mention merely what has struck me, or has come under my own observation.

"I lately saw an *Accipiter piscatorius* hovering over and examining a limpid stream. He stooped twice into the liquid element, nearly at the same spot; but without taking any thing. The opinion seems to me just, that neither this bird, nor the *Alcedo alcyon*, which also feeds upon the tenants of the flood, is always successful in the attempt to sustain sustenance. The scaly fry may sometimes perceive their approach and escape them; or they may sometimes engage with an object too powerful or too slippery for their grasp. As they continue only a short time under the water, they are evidently not amphibious; but may be denominated occasional divers. I have not seen in this part of the country the *Columba Carolinienſis*, nor the *Vultur aura*, both which abound in some of the other states.

"To satisfy your inquiry respecting the Carolina ground nut, I have not found it in the places which I have yet visited; and I somewhat doubt whether it will ever be found in any place by the name which Mr. Jefferson has, in his prodigious learning, given it. "Mr. Jefferson," says a writer, "has given it a designation which is equal in length to the name of a Spanish cavalier. He specifies it as the *juglans alba, foliolis lanceolatis, acuminatis, serratis, tomentosis, fructu minore, ovato, compresso, vix insculpto, dulci, putamine, tenerrimo.*" This may be profoundly philosophical; but the name appears to me unnecessarily long, requiring too great stretch of memory, and tending to discourage beginners in the science of botany. Though Mr. Jefferson was elected President of the United States on account of his immense talents at philosophy, and though a man was once in danger of being knocked down who did not allow him to be wiser than Solomon, who wrote of all sorts of plants, from the cedar to the hyssop, yet he has considerably sunk in public estimation. The people begin to believe, that Moses has given a better account of the universal deluge, and that the negroes and Indians, as well as the white Virginians, have all descended from Adam and Eve, the "Notes on the State of Virginia" notwithstanding. The warmest of his former supporters begin to attack his administration, and it is probable that he will never be elected again. The very leading demagogues in this state who promoted fulsome addresses to him last winter, extolling his political wisdom, and conjuring him to consent to be a candidate for another term, seem now (whatever may be thought of their consistency and sincerity) to be scheming for another.

"Some of the people are sensible of the means used to deceive them at the late election of a governor when it is too late. Others can be made to believe any thing which comes from the democratic leaders, however absurd and impossible; while they will believe nothing which is told by the federalists, though most rational and probable, and confirmed by ten thousand witnesses. They knew nothing personally of Mr. Tompkins whom they elected, nor can one of them give a just reason why they preferred him to Mr. Lewis. When pressed on the subject, it is, "Why—why—why—Mr. Lewis did not hang Arnold—he called out the militia and gave them no grog—he is no republican, he has joined the federalists"—and such arrant nonsense which fills every enlightened friend of his country with pity and indignation. You must not judge by this specimen of the yeomanry of the state. I speak of the ignorant, the selfish, and the vicious; of those who are the tools of intriguing men and who can be cajoled by expectations, of which description there are too many in all countries. Happily Mr. Tompkins is a young man of fair character, against whom there could have been no objection, had it not been for the unjust and outrageous abuse by his party of Mr. Lewis, who is universally allowed by all intelligent and candid men to have acted virtuously and firmly in the administration of the government.—How far Mr. Tompkins will be independent or act for himself, is yet to be decided. As a lover of mankind, I hope he will; and that this persecuted and distracted people will be happy against their will and contrary to their desert."

## The Conspiracy.

[We have received from an obliging correspondent in South-Carolina, a pamphlet, entitled "A short Review of the late proceedings at New-Orleans; and some Remarks upon the Bill for suspending the privilege of the writ of Habeas Corpus, which passed the senate of the United States, during the last session of Congress; in two Letters to the Printer.—By Agrestis." We trust our readers will ask no apology for its appearance in the Balance, although it will exclude, for two weeks, much other matter. Edit. Bal.]

"Woe, woe betide that nation, where they who are not themselves attacked, hate not as much, pursue not as eagerly, the oppressor, as the oppressed himself." Vis: De Miran:

*LETTER I.*

Hoc volo, fic jubeo, fit pro ratione voluntas.
Juv. Sat.

Sir,

A FEW months since, and I should hardly have been persuaded that the subject of this letter could ever have engaged the pen of an American citizen. When I read the afflicting details of individual oppression, and of military violence which disgrace the history of almost every other country, I turned involuntarily to contemplate the delightful contrast presented, by the admirable provisions of our constitution and laws, for the security of the citizen, and the strict subordination of the military to the civil authority. Unaffectedly as I sympathised with the victim of arbitrary power, strong as was my indignation against the oppressor, I could not avoid mingling with these more generous feelings, something like the emotion of him, who encircled by his family and seated before the blazing hearth of his comfortable mansion, hears the pelting storm impotently rattle against his windows, or listens to the piercing blast, as it whistles along the distant heath. When I extended my view from the constitution and laws, to the disposition, the manners, the habits, which characterise my countrymen, I beheld other and still nobler pillars supporting the temple which liberty had erected to justice; and in the conscious exalta-

tion of my heart, have not unfrequently exclaimed, *Here we are safe! Unhappy man, whom flight has rescued from Oriental or Occidental despotism; Wretched fugitive from the tyranny of the north or the south! repose without fear in the sanctuary which Heaven has provided for you. Here, here at last, oppression dare not, cannot shew her hideous form.*

Little did I imagine that from meditations like these, I should be roused by the daring and atrocious scenes lately acted in New-Orleans! Little did I imagine that I should so soon behold the constitution, upon which I proudly rested, bleeding under the poignards of its military assassins; the laws, to which I looked for protection, trampled upon; the civil authority annihilated.—Mark, sir, the picture which General Wilkison has presented to our contemplation! Encamped with his army, within sight of the enemy who had invaded our territory, he suddenly concludes with them an armistice, and withdraws the troops. The surrounding country is astonished, but astonishment is quickly succeeded by feelings of a different nature. By forced marches, he proceeds to New-Orleans;—he arrives —*treason! rebellion!* are sounded—and in an instant the whole city is in one scene of confusion, amaze and consternation. The approach of an army of 20,000 insurgents is announced, and the citizens fly to arms! Camps are formed, the militia are enrolled, pickets are hastily thrown up, entrenchments made, spots marked out for batteries: in a word preparations for battle strike every eye, and fill every heart with emotion. Armed vessels are equipped and dispatched up the river; guards are stationed at different points, with strict orders to suffer none to pass without a *permit* from the general; military law prevails; thus far we applaud the zeal which prompted these preparations for defence, however unnecessary they have eventually proved; and I lament that I cannot here drop the pencil. But observe the new scence which opens! The press ventures a comment upon these measures, and it is put down;* to doubt the reality of the danger is to be an accessary to the conspiracy; general words, long spoken and perhaps misunderstood, or falsely reported by malice, are conjured up as strong presumption of guilt:† every man is surrendered to the mercy of his enemy, since to have a letter *addressed to him*, is to be constituted a criminal!‡ The people agitated and full of suspense, regard in awful silence the portentous looks of their new arbiter of their destinies, and tremble at every movement. He issues his mandate, and various citizens of the United States are arrested; two gentlemen of the bar have courage to demand a writ of *habeas corpus* in their favor—and *one** of them shares the fate of those he would have rescued from persecution, the *other* is denounced as a *traitor!* The Judge, to whom the application was made, has virtue and spirit enough, in spite of the military despotism which surrounds him, to grant the writs—and the subjects of these writs, excepting one, are immediately removed to remote and secret places of confinement, and the court is insulted with the most trifling, unsatisfactory and illegal *returns*. The prisoner for whose removal there had not yet been time, is at length brought up, no cause for his confinement is shewn, and he is liberated. The Judge who had committed this daring outrage upon the orders of the commander in chief, is immediately declared strongly suspected of being himself a conspirator; and the prisoner he had liberated is again arrested, with new victims of suspicion or malice. Writs of *habeas corpus* are again applied for, again issued; Wilkinson, emboldened by the tame submission of the civil executive, which willingly crouches at his feet, no longer evades, but openly defies the order; contenting himself with insolently referring the court to his return on a former occasion. And what was that return? *A declaration that the country is menaced by insurrection —that he* (Brigadier-General Wilkinson!!) *takes upon himself all responsibility for the arbitrary measures he may please to adopt—a refusal to submit the prisoner demanded, to the jurisdiction of the court—and a menacing declaration that he would seize upon all others, without regard to standing or station, of whose guilt he may be assured!*†——Gracious God! in what country, in what times do we live? Have we been transported to the land of our *ancestors?* Has the elder Charles been restored to us, and is this an edict from the *Star Chamber?* Do we enjoy, in *France*, the halcyon days of that Louis which the folly of posterity has surnamed the *Great*, and is this the new formula of a capitulary in justification of *Lettres do Cachet?* Or is it in poor devoted *Ireland* that the sanguinary administration of the murderer of Orr and the persecutor of Finerty is restored, and is this a proclamation from the Castle, announcing to a degraded and insulted people, the return of all the horrors of '97 and 98? espionage systematised and encouraged, rewards offered for perjury, secret denunciations, arbitrary imprisonments and military law! No: we are neither in England, nor in France, nor in Ireland. It is neither the sceptered Charles, the *great* Louis, nor the earl of Camden, who thus daringly tramples upon all law, and without trial, without even preferring an accusation before any constituted tribunal, consigns to prison, or the dungeon, the unhappy object of his *suspicion*, or the unsuspecting victim of his malice. *America*—America, the abode of liberty, the empire of the laws—is the scene of these outrages! the period of their perpetration the beginning of the nineteenth century! the perpetrator an officer of the United States army!

Reader, pause, reflect; and if your reflections are not interrupted by a burst of indignation; of indignation not less at the atrociously unconstitutional violation of the civil authority by military force, than at the impunity which has hitherto attended this violation, then indeed hast thou degenerated, from thine ancestors! Then, indeed, hast thou become a fit subject for the military despotism, to which these bold and wanton usurpations of gen. Wilkinson so inevitably lead. I say these bold and wanton usurpations; and what plea has been urged, what reason alledged by gen. Wilkinson or his friends that claim for his conduct a milder appellation? Hear its vindication; *the Salus Populus, or ultima Necessitas! The guilt of the arrested!* If these pretexts, flimsy, and insulting to our understandings, were not evidently the only ones which could be invented, I should with difficulty believe them seriously urged: such as they are, they shall be briefly examined.*

That the *supreme safety of the state may, in extreme cases*, require the temporary enslavement of the citizen, by arming the chief magistrate with a despotic controul of the liberty of his person; and that, hence, in every well regulated government, the power of determining the existence of these *extreme cases* and providing the remedy, ought to be lodged *somewhere*; is an opinion, which monstrous as it is, has been too generally received. Aware, however, of the dangers to be apprehended from this overwhelming prerogative; aware that to invest it in the executive would be to enable him to extend his authority, at pleasure, and thus create, not a temporary, but a perpetual despotism; the most extravagant advocate of this arbitary power has never contended that it should be lodged in any branch of the government but the legislative. Hence in England where the reality of this *ultima necessitas* has long been admitted, the power of suspending, in moments of great alarm, for a limited period, those laws which ordinarily secure the personal liberty of the subject, is exercised by parliament; and in this country where that pernicious doctrine has alike improvidently obtained, the power of dispensing with the same legal safeguards of the citizen, is vested by the constitution in congress. In neither country can the executive of his own authority, extrajudicially restrain, under any pretence, the person of the meanest subject, or the poorest citizen. A single act of that kind would furnish ground of impeachment, and, I trust conviction, if not against a king of England, who can do no wrong, at least against a president of the United States, who happily for us, is not shielded by any similar maxim.

* See the publication of the printer of the New-Orleans Gazette.

† See Wilkinson's letter to the President: in which he says, "writs of habeas corpus have been issued for the bodies of Bollman, Swartwout, and Ogden; the two latter by judge Workman, *who is strongly suspected for being concerned with Burr in his conspiracy*, as I have proof, this man declared some time since that "the republican who possessed power, and did not employ it to establish a despotism, was a fool?"

‡ See Mr Livingston's address. Mr. L. had received a letter from Col. Burr, requesting him to make payment of a debt long due!

* Mr. Alexander was dispatched with others, at a stormy and dangerous season, on a voyage to the U. States: happily for him he arrived safe; he was instantly *discharged*, on a writ of habeas corpus, and left at liberty to return to his business in Orleans; having merely been interrupted in his professional pursuits, for a few months, imprisoned part of that time, exposed to the dangers of a winter's passage from and back to Orleans, put to some little expence, and obliged to traverse a distance of between two or three thousand miles.

† I have not the paper containing the return by me, or I would give it at length: it is, no doubt, however recollected by every one.

* This examination is more proper now than it would have been at any former period for several reasons; particularly as it is said gen. Wilkinson is daily expected in this country.

Whether the necessity upon which is founded this power of the legislature, and the legislature only, to suspend occasionally the laws that secure personal liberty, and which alone mark the difference between the freeman and the slave, can ever *really exist?* Whether the right of congress to suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, even as limited by the constitution, be not only unnecessary, but dangerous? are questions which I shall hereafter discuss. For the present, I shall admit the possible existence of this ultima necessitas; I shall admit that there may occur cases of such extreme urgency, that the nation, assembled by its representatives, may find it prudent, in the language of sir William Blackstone, *to part with its liberty for a while, in order to preserve it forever.* But what then? Is Phæton to usurp at will the car of Apollo? Lo! the very source of light and life and vegetation, becomes the source of conflagration and ruin.!

"equi———"
———"quaque impetus egit"
"Hac sine lege ruunt:"
———"ambustaque nubila fumant;"
"Corripitur flammis, ut quæque altissima, tellus."*

Because the salus populi, as you are pleased to term it, has clothed the *supreme authority* of the state with the power of abridging our liberties, has it, therefore, extended that power to every man who fills an office, or holds a commission under that authority? If this be true, we may prate about freedom in our fourth of July orations, but we are slaves: We may call our government republican, but it is despotic. "*That government*" says Montesquieu,† and with him say reason and common sense, "*is despotic, in which a single person without law and without rule, directs every thing by his own will and caprice.*" And what is this new and horrid doctrine, but the passion and caprice of every venal retainer of government, the tyranny of every military subaltern, substituted for the steady and equitable reign of the laws? What is it but the prostration of all our rights, all our liberties, at the feet of every profligate minion, whom the executive, for purposes the vilest, the most fatal perhaps to liberty, may choose to grace with a sword knot, or decorate with a pair of epauletts? What is it, in a word, but to erect every petty officer of government into the despotic arbiter of our destinies—to sanction every abuse, every outrage, he may choose to inflict upon the property, the liberty or the life of the citizen! Yes—upon the property, the liberty or the life of the citizen. Is it necessary to doom the citizen to a cruel and illegal imprisonment *today?* Tomorrow it will be equally *necessary* to confiscate his estate; and the third day, still *more* necessary, were it only to prevent his complaining, to consign him to the scaffold.

This exposition of gen. Wilkinson's principle, is not extravagant, it is faithful, it is literal. To object that neither the life nor the property, of any citizen *has been* invaded, is idle; to infer from thence that they are safe, absurd. What protects them? The laws! And was not the personal liberty of the citizen under the protection of the same laws? That liberty, nevertheless, has been violated, the laws which secured it have been trampled upon. What then is the security of the citizen, that property, that life, will be any better respected? But why a waste of words about the *exercise* of this power? The question is not whether we shall have a Vespasian or a Vitellius, but whether we shall have either? Not whether the laws shall be partially violated, but whether they shall be violated at all? Once admit the arbitrary power, which is to supercede them, under any pretence, and who is to trace the wizard ring which is to restrain it? Where is the Popilius who is to arrest its march? Alas! go,

——lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep!"

The convention of '87 thought they had effectually provided for the extremest emergencies, by vesting the right of restraining our ordinary rights and privileges, on certain occasions, in *congress.* If our rulers of the present day think this provision insufficient, in God's name, let the constitution be altered. Say at once that the power of dispensing with the laws shall attach to the office of president, vice-president, speaker of the house of representatives, in short, to all civil officers, or, if it be thought safer, vest it only in the major generals and *brigadiers commandant* of the army. Some, indeed, may think this not strictly in unison with the other provisions of the constitution, or even object that it approximates rather too much to the government of Turkey: never mind; we shall, at least, know the tenure by which we hold *the common use of air and of our own limbs*, and we may derive some poor security from a knowledge of our danger. The lion whose roarings warn us of his approach, is yet less to be dreaded than the insidious tyger who, crouched in the secret covert, or concealed behind the jutting rock, springs in silence upon his unsuspecting victim.

Until this, or some similar alteration of the constitution take place, by which every civil or military officer under government shall be invested with the power of determining when, and under what circumstances the operation of the laws shall be suspended; however those gentlemen may contend for, they certainly can never, upon any principle of reason or common sense, establish their claim to an exclusive exercise of it. If the mate or cook of a ship, in contempt of the captain's authority, may take possession of the quarter deck, and seize the helm whenever a storm shall arise, under the pretence that their lives are in danger, it unquestionably follows that every sailor embarked in her, having equally a life at stake, may do the same thing. Thus every citizen being as much interested in the republic as gen. Wilkinson, has as much right to decide when the republic is in danger, and may equally exercise the power of dispensing with the laws. But if we may individually *dispense* with the laws, may we not individually *enact* laws? Where, then, I ask, is the social compact? Given to the winds! The bands of society are dissolved; and behold us returned to a state of nature—the will of every man his only guide, his only law, the law of force! And is the doctrine which leads to this, to be called the *salus populi?* Call it rather the *mors populi.* Announce to us, not that the body politic is in danger, but that it is no more.

I have conceded, for the purpose of more ample investigation, that there might exist a crisis when the supreme authority of the country, when congress, might find it absolutely necessary to exercise the power, vested in it by the constitution, of abridging our personal liberty; I will now with the same view concede further, that there may even arise cases, in which, upon the principle of *necessity*, an officer filling an important station under government, may, without censure, exercise the same power. The question, then is, did this necessity really exist, did the salus populi, in the late transactions at N. Orleans, really require that the constitution should be violated, the laws contemned, the rights of the citizen invaded, the courts of justice themselves insulted? Were the tyrannies, the oppressions, exercised by gen. Wilkinson upon various unarmed, and unresisting, citizens of the United States really the last resort of the republic, the only means of our salvation? The answer is short and decisive. When the redress of any evil, however great, is attainable through the ordinary channels; when the punishment of any crime, however dangerous to the state, is practicable by the regular and established tribunals, a resort to unusual, illegal and violent measures, for the accomplishment of either, can never be justified *e necessitate rei.* Let us enquire, then, what was the situation of the surrounding country, what the condition of the civil authority, when Adair, Boilman, and other citizens of the United States were arbitrarily arrested by a *military mandate.* Were the people of New-Orleans, or the adjacent territories in rebellion? Had the civil officers to whom alone belonged the cognisance of the crimes alledged against the accused, abandoned their posts? Had treason arrayed herself in the robes of justice? Were the courts shut? Or had the judges refused to perform their duty? No—Orleans was in profound tranquility; nothing like disaffection was to be seen. Hear Mr. Jefferson himself attest the fact—"Great zeal was shewn by the inhabitants generally; the merchants of the place readily agreeing to the most laudable exertions and sacrifices for manning the armed vessels with their seamen; and the other citizens manifesting their unequivocal fidelity to the union, and a spirit of determined resistance to their expected assailants."* The civil officers were at their post. The courts were open. The judges were ready to receive and try all accusations which might be brought before them; they had even *condescended to signify* this readiness to the commander of the troops. What then becomes of the pretended necessity? that relentless deity, beneath whose tread the scales of eternal justice herself are to be trampled in the dust; upon whose altars no other victims are to smoke but the immolated rights of

* Ovid: met:

† Esprit des Loix.

‡ Pleasures of Hope.

* See the President's Message to Congress, January 22.

the citizen; in whose frightful temple are to be heard no hymns but the shrieks of expiring liberty.—Was it in a moment of peace with the whole world, of profound domestic tranquility, in the midst of a people faithful to themselves and to their country, that the cruel and atrocious scenes acted in ancient Sicily were *necessarily* renewed in an American province? And is the *salus populi* now to be urged in vindication of the modern Veres under whose prætorship the unhappy objects of his tyranny, like the persecuted Sicilians *neque suas leges, neque nostra senatus-consulta, neque communia jura tenuerunt?** Yes—this plea has been urged, this plea has been *admitted!* A president of the United States condescends to become the apologist† of these outrages, continues the offender in the high military command which enabled him to effect them, and Wilkinson triumphs in his guilt! Sacred spirit of '76! sleepest thou in the grave with Washington, Adams, and their generous compatriots; or dost thou still linger in our land? If thou hast not yet forsaken us forever, rouse, O rouse my country to a sense of its dishonor and its danger. Wilkinson is continued! and is it under such a man Mr. Jefferson expects that the wilds of Louisiana, *like Horeb's rock beneath the prophet's hand*,† are to be reclaimed? That migrations are to be allured; the spires of new towns and villages reflected from the waves of the Mississippi; arts, sciences, and manners, to be improved; and the foundation laid of other powerful and happy members of the confederacy? Is it by such means as have been lately employed, that the people of that country are to be weaned from ancient attachments, estranged from ancient habits and established usuages, and their affections secured to a government to which, without their consent, without their being even consulted, they were so lately transferred? Are arbitrary imprisonments, and the licentiousness of military law, the strongest evidences of the excellence of that free constitution which has been heretofore held out to them, as *the land of promise?* I thought the rebellions which have succeeded rebellions in unhappy Ireland, the revolution of our own country, the history, in short, of all times and of all nations, had, at length, convinced mankind that persecution was not the best mean of persuasion; that to oppress, was not to conciliate. If these awful examples speak not the language of falshood, I assert that the conduct of gen. Wilkinson was calculated not to suppress, but to promote disaffection; not to allay, but to excite rebellion. Let us suppose, for a moment, that there *had* been a conspiracy to revolutionise New-Orleans: in what stronger terms could the conspirators have invited all ranks of the inhabitants, to their standard, that in these? *Behold your abject condition! The civil authority is annihilated; your properties, your liberties, your lives, are the mercy of an armed force; without concert, you cannot protect yourselves, and the government to which, by purchase, you belong, abandons you to your fate. Do you not perceive, that you already endure all the evils which the triumph of the severest enemy could inflict? Rally, then, around the standard of those who come not as enemies, but as friends; who seek not your destruction, but your happiness:—your situation cannot be worse, we promise it shall be better.*

Well might the people of Orleans, seduced by this address, have exclaimed to us, in the language of the insurgent Dalmatians to the Romans, "*If we have revolted, yourselves are the cause! you set over us not shepherds, but wolves!*—Happily for us there were no *conspirators*, by whom the arms thus furnished by the conduct of gen. Wilkinson, might be used; but will they not be equally efficient in the hands of Spain or France?—The great uneasiness of the court of Madrid, at the cession of Louisiana, by France to the United States, is no secret: the obstacles so long raised to a clear establishment of the boundaries, their frequent encroachment upon the territory even within the limits acknowledged by themselves, are evidence of the reluctance with which they look to our final and indisputable possession of that country. France herself relieved from the pressure of those circumstances to which alone the cession is to be attributed, will recall, with regret, her sacrifice of *territory, dominion, sovereignty, to a few millions of paltry dollars;** and, it is too probable, will not be slow in seizing the slightest opportunity of recovering what necessity, and not her judgment, induced her to relinquish.—Other dangers which might have resulted to New-Orleans, from the arbitrary proceedings of gen. Wilkinson, were yet more immediate. The executive authority of that country, it chanced, was lodged in the nerveless arm of pusilanimous imbecility; but let us imagine it held by a man of different character, let us imagine a governor possessed at once of talents, of virtue, and of energy, who would have felt the dignity of his station and have had the firmness to maintain it; who would have recollected that the duties of society and the citizen are reciprocal, and that if the one may demand obedience to its laws, the other may demand the protection of those laws. Between such a governor, resolved to protect the citizen, and maintain the constitution of his country, and an overbearing and despotic commander of the army, resolved to oppress the one and set the other at defiance, what had been the probable issue of the contest? Mark its natural progress! A citizen is arrested; he calls upon the justice of his country, to interpose her shield and save him from unmerited violence; a writ of habeas corpus is issued, commanding his person to be brought into court, that the legality of his commitment may be investigated. More confident of the strength of his arms, than of the justice of his measures, the general who caused the arrest, treats the order of court, with contempt; complaint of the outrage is made to the executive, and he is called upon to support the decrees of the constituted tribunals; He does not answer that the *motives* of the general, *he is convinced, are patriotic*,† but he perceives that his conduct is illegal, and the militia are ordered out to support the laws. Meantime the alarm is spread—*faithful* citizens rally under the banners of the Magistrate—while, on the other hand, the military, with lighted matches and presented arms, are prepared to support the orders of their superior officer. They meet; Obedience to the laws is again demanded, again refused; to remonstrances succeed menaces, to menaces—hark! that discharge proclaims the dreadful result!—This, then, might have been the consequence of that *ultima necessitas*, announced by gen. Wilkinson! and, as the only means of *preservation*, we might have been involved in all the horrors of a civil war!—But why dwell upon disasters which *might* have resulted to *Orleans*, when there are other, and greater, disasters which still threaten, not a single province, but the whole country? Has Mr. Jefferson, I would ask, with all proper humility, seriously considered the *consequences* to which the conduct of gen. Wilkinson leads? Has he thought of the *example* which the impunity extended to that conduct, holds out to all future commanders, the lesson it inculcates upon all future subalterns, of the army? See! the contagion already spreads through the whole corps. Bollman, arrived at Fort Johnston, applies for the benefit of the writ of habeas corpus; the writ is issued; and—the prisoner is brought in court? No such thing. Hear the return of the commandant! *I must obey the orders of my superior officer*—Friends of liberty and of laws! You who have heretofore successfully resisted for us, the introduction of large standing armies! if ever that measure come again under your discussion, no longer search the mouldering records of antiquity, for examples of the dangers, the mischiefs, which have never failed to result from them; no longer hold up, in terrible warning to our folly, the blood-stained annals of later usurpations. Recite this return—*I must obey the orders of my superior officer*—and if it be not enough, then, my poor country, thine hour is come! —*I must obey the orders of my superior officer!* O what a volume is contained in these nine little words! This volume I have no leisure to transcribe, nor, if I had, would this be a proper place to introduce it. But let me put a single question: What if the orders, thus implicitly obeyed, had enjoined, not the illegal imprisonment of a few individuals, but, that your *judges* should be stript of their robes, your *executive* dragged from his chair, your *senate* and *house of representatives* driven from the capitol? Nay, start not. Are our political rights more sacred, or better secured, than our civil? Not at all: there are many persons among us who, not participating them, have no interest in preserving the first; some who are indifferent about them, and a few, no doubt, who from the hope of gain, would willingly assist in destroying the whole system upon which they rest. On the other hand, there are none, native or naturalized citizens or even resident foreigners, who are not deeply interested in preserving civil liberty. I put the case, then, again; and I ask whether the ready support received from the army, by gen. Wilkinson, in his infractions of the constitution, and his contempt of the laws, in

* Cic. in Ver.

† Campbell.

* The expressions of M. Talleyrand on the first proposition of Mr. Livingston, for the purchase.

† The answer of his excellency governor Claiborne to judge Workman; whose conduct upon this occasion, yet more than his talents and erudition, both considerable, rank him among the most distinguished ornaments of the bench.

one instance, leave any just hope that he would not have been equally supported in the other? Alas! from an army, citizens in the field, soldiers in our peaceful cities, *tantum hospitibus metuendos*,* we may have something to *fear*, nothing to hope.†

I have shewn that the arbitrary proceedings of Gen. Wilkinson, so dangerous in their example, were not the offspring of *necessity*: but, we are told, the persons who suffered under his tyranny, were *guilty*. Guilty! Who accused, who committed them? Gen. Wilkinson. Who heard the evidence, who tried them? Gen. Wilkinson. Who passed sentence of condemnation upon them? What! still Gen. Wilkinson!—Admirable improvement in jurisprudence! noble simplification of the intricacies of the law! Let England no longer boast the perfection of her criminal code! no longer vaunt her independent Judges, and trial by jury! Men of sense! compare the old system with the new code established on the banks of the Mississippi, and pronounce between them. See, on the one hand, the tedious process! commitment by a magistrate, who has sworn to act without partiality or prejudice; a grand jury to consider the bill; a petit jury to try the issue; pleadings pro and con; and lastly, Judges, with enormous salaries, to pronounce the sentence. What folly! On the other hand, observe the new code: accuser, magistrate, grand jury, petit jury, lawyers, judges, all in one man—no delay—no troublesome forms—the matter decided in a moment.—How easy, how simple, this! Aye, and how *convenient*, too!—But this subject is of too much interest to be treated with levity, even for an instant. Had the object of Gen. Wilkinson, in his late arrests, really been a patriotic desire to bring to punishment delinquents against the laws of his country, why were not the arrested immediately surrendered to the operation of those laws? Had he yet to learn that the purposes of justice are never promoted by arbitrary means? A moment's reflection might have taught him that, by withdrawing the accused from the ordinary jurisdiction, by evidently shunning all investigation of the charges alledged, he afforded the strongest presumption that his accusations were groundless or malicious. If, therefore, he really possessed, as he declared, satisfactory proofs of the guilt of the arrested, the Court, and not the Camp, had been the proper tribunal of complaint. Clemency, generosity, *have* sometimes abided in the tented field; impartial *justice* never. She should have been sought, therefore, where only she was to be found, in the recesses of her own sanctuary; where surrounded by the laws, the malignant and the milder passions alike excluded, she suffers no hand but her own to poise the balance, no voice but her own to pronounce the doom of the accused. Nor would the search have been difficult: her ministers, selected to their high and important station, for their talents, their virtues, their respectability of character, were at hand. Was it to be supposed that Judges, thus selected, and under the solemn obligation of their oath of office, would have displayed less ability, or less zeal, in vindicating the majesty of those laws, of which they were the Constitutional organs, than an officer of the army, too frequently ignorant of the first principles of jurisprudence, and as frequently distinguished by all that arrogance, and inclination to despotic power, which result from the long habit of exacting implicit obedience to his will? Mark the consequence of Gen. Wilkinson's conduct! He denounced the persons arrested, and deported to the United States, as guilty, and declared that he had satisfactory *proofs* of their guilt: they arrive in this country, are surrendered to the judicial authority, and some of them are *discharged*, the rest liberated upon bail. What is the undeniable inference? Either, if Gen. Wilkinson *did* possess the proofs he asserted, by removing the arrested to a distance from the only place where those proofs could be adduced, he *obstructed*, not promoted, *public* justice; or, if he did *not* possess the proofs he pretended, he has been guilty of the most wanton injustice, and abominable persecution, towards the *individuals* he accused. But admit all that Gen. Wilkinson can ask, admit that the accused *were* guilty. What then? *They should have had law, sheer law, but they should have had law.** Deny law, and, no matter what his crime, no matter how flagrant his guilt, that moment the object of your denial becomes *oppressed*. The society against whose laws he transgressed, from being the party *offended*, becomes, in turn, the *offender*; and, such are the generous sympathies of our nature, which invariably incline us to the cause of the weaker, that the verdict of public opinion does not unfrequently decide that the first offence is obliterated by the second. The sympathies of our nature, did I say? Rather, let me add, our prudence, our *interest*. Who is there so blind, so mad, as not to perceive that the cause of every man oppressed, is his own? Tell me not that the arm of arbitrary power is now lifted against *guilt*, since the next blow may smite alike the purest innocence or the most exalted patriotism. Does a Marat bleed to day? Tomorrow 'tis a Rolland, or a Bailly.——Resist then, my countrymen! let your execrations stifle in its birth this dreadful power, which, under any pretence, would violate those laws which constitute your only security. Once admit it, and the barriers reared by the constitution around the personal liberty of the citizen, vanish, like cobwebs before the storm; your constitution itself becomes a dead letter; your statute books, heaps of rubbish; and the glorious system of the common law, the accumulated wisdom of ages, sinks into a monkish legend, or a tale of other times.

*AGRESTIS.*

* Tacitus.

† I do not mean these observations to be indiscriminate; I have no doubt there are officers in the army of patriotism and merit: but it will be long, very long time, before the army will efface the stain brought upon it by the commander in chief.

* The words in the Italics are quoted from the honorable John Randolph: a man distinguished alike for his talents and his integrity: with whose opinions I do not always coincide, but whom I always respect; for, like Cato, he seems to be the only man in our councils, *who knows no party but the Republic.*

# Foreign.

LONDON, May 12.

The treaty with America, it is said, has been sent back to London for re-consideration; and we should hope that by mutual concession, the whole of this disagreeable dispute may be amicably adjusted. Perhaps, however, our present ministry, with that laudable spirit of contradiction to the former cabinet which has prompted all their measures since their accession to office, may undo what their predecessors have done, and involve us in a war with a country united to ours by the ties of blood as well as of policy, to prove their zeal for the religion of peace!

Arrived at Plymouth, the Veronica of Newcastle, Henry Pyle, master, which place she left 28th March, for this port with timber; when the master left Memel there was nearly 20,000 Prussian troops at that place and its neighborhood, which were not able to join the army for want of arms, which were anxiously expected from this country: arms of every description were demanded from individuals for the temporary supply of the army. Ammunition was also so scarce, that the British ships of war in the Baltic were obliged to part with a great part of their stock for the use of the combined armies.

MAY 13.

As we last night predicted, the new ministers are resolved to make no concessions to America.—The evening trumpeter, not of their fame, but of their disgrace, warns us that the age of concession is past. Of this we are aware.—What then is left us? When fools are too obstinate to concede—too dull to be convinced—they must then be constrained.—*Statesman.*

MAY 14.

The rumour of an existing negociation for a general peace was revived on Tuesday with increased confidence, upon the alledged authority of private letters, received by the last Hamburgh mail. The overtures were stated as having been made by Napoleon to the emperor Alexander, who was of opinion, that they should be submitted to the Allies. The inactivity of the armies in Poland has been also urged, as evidence of a subsisting negociation. But is it confidently asserted, on the other hand, that all hopes of amicable arrangement had vanished before the emperor of Russia left his capital. As in the latter case a battle must have been fought before this time, these contradictory reports have greatly increased the public anxiety for the arrival of foreign papers.

MAY 15.

Hamburgh papers to the 6th, and Dutch to the 12th, arrived in town last night. Although their details are interesting, yet they are totally silent on the main object of our anxiety—the great battle which was anticipated to be on the eve of taking place. Bonaparte seems at this moment more willing to emulate the policy of Machiavel than the prowess of Alexander; and to place greater reliance on flattery than force.

If report is at all to be credited, Austria has lately shewn some symptoms of being influenced by French intrigue. Mr. Stew-

art, whose arrival from the court of Petersburg we mentioned in our yesterday's paper, is said to be charged with proposals submitted by Napoleon to the allies, and backed by rather a haughty recommendation on the part of his Austrian majesty.—It is even said, that the last mentioned power has gone so far as to declare Turkey its ally! We hope these rumours are unfounded. But when we consider the jealousy of Russian interference in the affairs of Turkey, always manifested by the former head of the Germanic body, we must confess we find more ground for dread than hope.

The late change in our councils cannot be supposed to impress a favourable opinion of our steadiness, any more than an increase of vigour in our measure. It is not, therefore, a matter either for complaint or admiration, if foreign states consult only what they may deem their own interests, unconnected with a reference to our situation. When England herself seems to have lost all sense of what is due to her, we must not expect other nations to be careful of her interests.—*Statesman.*

MAY 16.

Mr. Shaw the messenger arrived late last night with dispatches. The three Hamburgh mails which were due also arrived. They have not brought any intelligence of importance from Poland; but the Paris papers to the 8th assert, that hostilities will recommence as soon as the weather will permit. All hopes of peace have vanished, the Paris papers admitting, that the overtures of Bonaparte have been peremptorily rejected. The senate, in an address to Bonaparte, in answer to his message relative to the conscription, talk of dictating peace, boast that his army is stronger by 130,000 men than it was at the commencement of the war, and hold out the prospect of his surprising, turning, and surrounding the Russian army, and compelling them to receive from him either death or law.

His Swedish majesty has refused to ratify the extraordinary armistice concluded by gen. Essen, whom he had removed from his command. A reinforcement of 15,000 Swedes has been ordered to be embarked for Stralsund, and the Swedes will have in Pomerania an army of not less than 10,000 men. Bonaparte will thus be obliged to keep a strong force to watch them, and his grand army will of course be weaker than it would have been had the armistice been ratified.—The Vienna court gazette, in an article under the head of Turkey, states, that the Russians have made an unsuccessful attempt to take the castle of Tenedos. The Dardanelles is strictly blockaded by English and Russians. The Turks in the interior are defeated in every encounter with the Russians. We shall soon see whether they will be more successful under Mahomet's standard, which has been conveyed from the Mosque of St. Sophia, with extraordinary solemnity and pomp, to the camp near Adrianople.

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*From the Baltimore American of Saturday.*

By a gentleman passenger in the John & Joseph, Manning, from Antwerp, we were yesterday put in possession of the "Journal du Commerce" to the 9th of May inclusive, containing Paris dates to the 8th of that month.

These papers represent the Turks as being in high spirits at the retreat of the English squadron from before Constantinople, of which there is no longer any doubt. An article under date of Constantinople, March 25, states that the grand vizier was to set out for the army on the 30th of that month; and that the army which he was to command in person, being 60,000 strong was bending its march for the Danube. Formidable preparations were making on the side of the Georgia.—The island of Tenedos had been attacked by the Russians, but without effect. It is said that in repassing the Dardanelles rear Admiral Louis and vice admiral Duckworth had been dangerously wounded, and report states that admiral Louis died in consequence. Two English couriers are said to have been arrested having in their possession the correspondence of the English minister Arbuthnot, with his dragoman, and the English consul who resides at Bucharest. This correspondence is said to represent the Russians as in a desperate situation whilst the Turks are in the highest spirits.

Under the date of the 6th of April, general Sebastiani is represented as being indefatigable at Constantinople and in its neighborhood in putting those parts of the Turkish dominion exposed to the Russians and English in a state of impregnable defence. French officers, engineers and others continue to arrive in great numbers, and are immediately employed by the Turkish government to strengthen their fortifications. Three hundred pieces of heavy artillery, with furnaces for heating balls had been sent off from Constantinople for the Dardanelles. Thirty thousand men are employed on the coasts of Europe and Asia by Sebastiani to defend the forts and batteries. As soon as the Dardanelles were put in such a situation as to place the safety of the Turkish capital out of danger, it is supposed that the captain pacha will proceed to sea with the Ottoman fleet and undertake some enterprize against the Russians. In the mean time trade has experienced a great stagnation, and price of living is considerably raised; the grand seignior however, has evinced a disposition to alleviate the evil as much as possible, by granting a considerable sum from his treasury to be employed in obviating the effects of the scarcity. Juffal-Pacha, governor of Erzeron, who has been invested with all the powers of a Grand Vizier in Armenia and Colchis, was advancing towards the Crimea for the purpose of attacking the Russians, and in which the Persians were to join. All the powers on the coast of Africa have been put in motion against the enemies of the Porte; and it is said that the cruizers of Algiers and Tripoli swarm in the Mediterranean.

The Russian troops in Moldavia and Wallachia are represented as in a deplorable situation, mostly new levies; and attempts were making to organize a militia from among the inhabitants, but the proposition was not much liked.

Thus far the aspect of affairs with regard to the Turks. The following articles were presented to us in manuscript. It represents the Persians as carrying all before them.

WARSAW, March 16.

The ambassador of his majesty the Emperor of Persia, to his majesty the Emperor of the French and king of Italy, has received from Theran, the account of a brilliant success obtained by the arms of his sovereign.

The Prince, Abbas Mirza, son of the Emperor, and renowned in the East for his bravery, announced to him, under date of the 26th of December last, that prince Mehemed-Veli-Mirza, one of his brothers, who commands in the Khorassen, has carried his victorious arms even to Oxis, and that he had taken the city of Merve, belonging to the Tartars-Usbecks, situated about five miles journey from Boukara. The governor of this country has sworn obedience to the emperor of Persia.

Kaboul and Candahar are entirely subject to Feth-Ali-Schah. They make this day a part of the Persian empire, and many solemn embassies have been sent to the emperor to assure him of the fidelity of the inhabitants of this country, even to the frontiers of India.

The prince Abbas-Mirza, is in the Moghan and Carabagh, at the head of a formidable army, four days journey from Tiflis. He has taken from his army 40,000 men, to march to Georgia. Ahmed-Khan, who commanded them, has already taken Cherugel and Penub, where he found many pieces of artillery. All the Russians who defended those places have been killed or brought prisoners to prince Abbas-Mirza. A great number of Russian deserters arrive every day at the Persian camp. The emperor of Persia, to recompense the brave Ahmed-Khan, has joined to his government that of Erwan. This train of success, obtained at every point of the empire, gives Persia a new degree of splendor and power. The Khorassen is no longer exposed to the incursions of Tartar—the authority of Persia arrives even to the frontiers of the English possessions in India. The Russians are badly established in Georgia, and are attacked on all sides. The most perfect union exists in all the provinces of the empire, and Persia can bring new forces against her enemies. The Russians have made propositions of accommodation. Feth-Ali-Schah has refused them. He has stopped all kinds of commercial relations, and all communications with Russia, and has answered, that as long as the grand emperor, his friend and ally, shall carry on war against the Russians, they ought not to hope for peace or cessation of arms from Persia.

The emperor of Russia left Memel on the 5th of April for his army of reserve in Luthuania. His Prussian Majesty followed him, having in his suite the baron Hardenberg. The English general Hutchinson has also left Memel for Lithuania.

## The Knot.

*MARRIED,*

On Thursday last, in the Friends' Meeting-House, in this city, JOB THOMAS, to PENELOPE HULL, daughter of Tiddeman Hull.

On Thursday evening, Mr. CURTISS GRAHAM, to Miss SALLY CHARLOTT, both of this city.

## Wreath.

*From the Anthology.*

### CASTLE BUILDING....AN ELEGY.

"Sweet pliability of man's temper, which can at once surrender itself to illusions, that cheat expectation and time of their weary moments."

GODDESS of golden dreams, whose magic power
Sheds smiles of joy o'er misery's haggard face,
And lavish strews the visionary flower
To deck life's dreary path, with transient grace:

I woo thee, FANCY, from thy fairy cell,
Where, mid the endless woes of human kind,
Wrapt in ideal bliss, thou lov'st to dwell,
And sport in happier regions, unconfined.

Deep sunk, oh Goddess! in thy pleasing trance,
Oft let me seek some low sequestered vale,
Whilst WISDOM's self shall steal a side-long glance
And smile contempt,—but listen to my tale.

Alas! how little do thy vot'ries guess
Those rigid truths, which learned fools revere,
Serve but to prove (oh bane to happiness!)
Our joys delusive, but our woes sincere.

Be 't theirs to search, where clust'ring roses grow
Touching each sharp thorn point to prove how keen;
Be 't mine—to trace their beauties as they blow,
And catch their fragrance, where they blush unseen.

Haply, my path may lie through barren vales,
Where niggard Fortune all her smiles denies—
E'en there shall FANCY scent the ambient gales,
And scatter flow'rets of a thousand dyes.

Nor let the worldling scoff; be his the task
To form deep schemes, and mourn his hopes betray'd;
Be 't mine to range unseen, 'tis all I ask,
And frame new worlds beneath the silent shade;

To bid groves, hills, and limpid streams appear,
The gilded spire, arch'd dome, and fretted vault,
And sweet society be ever near,
LOVE ever fond, and friends without a fault.

I see entranc'd the gay conception rise,
My harvest ripen, and my white flocks thrive;
And still, as Fancy pours her large supplies,
I taste the godlike happiness to give;

To check the patient widow's deep-felt sigh,
To shield her infant from the north-blast rude,
To bid the sweetly glittering tear arise,
That swims in the glad eye of gratitude.

To join the artless maid, and honest swain,
Whose fortune rudely bars the way to joy,
To ease the tender mother's anxious pain,
And guard with fost'ring hand her darling boy.

To raise up modest merit from the ground,
And send the unhappy smiling from my door;
To spread content and cheerfulness around,
And banquet on the blessings of the poor.

Delicious dream! how oft beneath thy power,
Thus lessening the sad load of others' woe,
I steal from rigid fate one happy hour,
Nor feel I want the pity I bestow.

Delicious dream! how often dost thou give
A gleam of bliss, which truth would but destroy,
Oft dost thou bid my drooping heart revive,
And catch one cheerful glimpse of transient joy.

And oh! how precious is that timely friend,
Who checks affliction in her dread career;
Who knows distress—well knows that he may lend
One hour of life, who stops one rising tear.

Oh! but for thee, long since the hand of care
Had mark'd with livid pale my furrow'd cheek:
Long since the shivering hand of cold despair,
Had chill'd my breast, and forc'd my heart to break.

For ah! affliction steals with trackless flight,
Silent the stroke she gives, tho' not less keen;
And bleak misfortune, like an eastern blight,
Sheds black destruction, tho' it flies unseen.

Oh come then, FANCY, and with lenient hand,
Dry my moist cheek, and smooth my furrow'd brow;
Bear me o'er smiling tracks of fairy land,
And give me more than Fortune can bestow.

Mix'd are the boons, and chequer'd all with ills,
Her smile the sunshine of an April morn;
The cheerless valley skirts the gilded hills,
And latent storms on every gale are borne.

Give me the hope that sickens not the heart,
Give me the wealth that has no wings to fly,
Give me the pride that honor may impart,
Thy friendship give me, warm in poverty.

Give me the wish that worldlings may deride,
The wise may censure, and the proud may hate:
Wrapt in thy dreams to lay the world aside,
And catch a bliss beyond the reath of Fate.

## Diversity.

### EXTRACTS.

After Mr. Boaden had read his *Aurelia and Miranda*, in the Green room of Drury-lane Theatre, he observed, that he knew nothing so terrible as reading a piece before such a critical audience. "I know one thing much more terrible," said Mrs. Powel.—"What can that be?" said our author. "*To be obliged to sit and hear it.*"

Mr. Fox in the course of a speech in the House of Commons, when he was enlarging on the influence exercised by government over the members, observed that it was generally understood that there was a person employed by the minister, as *Manager of the House of Commons*; here there was a general cry of *Name him, name him!* "No" says Mr. Fox, I don't choose to name him, though I might do it as easy as say JACK ROBINSON.

When Mr. Penn, a young gentleman well-known for his eccentricities, walked from Hyde-Park corner to Hammersmith for a wager of a hundred guineas, with the honourable Danvers Butler, several gentlemen who had witnessed the contest were speaking of it to the Duchess of Gordon, and added, that it was a pity that a man with so many good qualities as this Penn should be incessantly playing these unaccountable pranks. "So it is," said her grace, "but why don't you advise him better? He seems to be a *pen* that every body cuts, but no body mends."

Mr. Windham, stopping to change horses, one day, in travelling to the country, called for a newspaper, when the landlord brought him the *Morning Chronicle*.—"Take away that *abusive* paper," said he, "and bring me the *Times*."—"*Indeed Sir*," replied the landlord, with great naiveté, "*you are as much abused in the Times as you are in the Chronicle.*"

One of our modern spungers was reproached one day for dining so often among his friends. "What would you have me do?" answered he. "I am *pressed* to do it." "True," answered Monk Lewis, "there's nothing more *pressing* than hunger."

Mr. Hare had apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox, and, like his friend Charles, had frequent visits from bailiffs. One morning, as he was looking out of his window, he observed two of them at the door:—"Pray gentlemen," says he, "are you *Fox* hunting or *Hare* hunting this morning?"


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